

## From the editor's desk

This past Thursday was a busy day in Globe filled with activities and events worthy of news coverage.

Karon, our editor, was in the Valley on Thursday, so she asked me to cover the stories. I volunteered without hesitation. After all, how difficult could it be to show up, observe and take pictures?

I grabbed her digital camera, flashed a couple of trial photos at the office and was on my way. Upon arrival to the 10th Annual Pinal - Gila Elder Abuse Conference at the Apache Gold Casino Conference Center, I immediately turned off my cell phone as I briefly gave thought to the ramifications of the ringing being heard in the wrong place at the wrong time. I momentarily reflected on the speakers of events who are often interrupted during a presentation or speech due to ignorant, inconsiderate people that forget to turn off their cell phones.

Upon checking in and observing my surroundings, I realized that I had some time before the luncheon presentation began. I went back outside to make a call from my phone, only to discover that I couldn't get a signal, so I went back inside to mingle while a luncheon was being served buffet style.

I sat down in time for our speaker to address the audience with his important message. With camera in hand, I started snapping shots - only to immediately discover that the memory on my camera was full. I checked it again... and again... and again... hoping that somehow - some way - I could figure out a way to make it work. As reality sunk in, I realized that I would return with just a few photos. I sat back and tried to relax. After all, how important are photos of an important event that clearly need to tell a story??

As I tried to relax, I was startled by the sound of a cell phone. There it was, that rude and disruptive sound that

interrupts the speaker and the audience. Didn't the keeper of the cell phone have the decency to respect the speaker, the surroundings, and the event??

Within seconds, I realized that all eyes were staring at me. It was MY cell phone!!

At that moment, I had become one of *those* people... that rude, inconsiderate person in the audience who didn't have the decency to turn off their phone... I didn't turn it off because I didn't think that I could get a signal in the area. Of course, somehow, some way, a signal found its way to the very spot where I was sitting in a room filled with over 200 people.

Of course, I was sitting at the table at the very front of the room - directly in front of the speaker who was just a few feet away. I swiftly stuck my hand inside my bag to stop the ringing.

But just seconds later, the cell phone played its ever so distinctive jingle to alert me that the caller had left a message - and there was nothing that I could do... I just wanted to crawl under the table. I was mortified as I felt the stares that (I was certain) became glares...

It was at that moment when our speaker, Terry Goddard, jovially and nonchalantly commented that he had never heard that ring before. As he, without effort, managed to make light of a most uncomfortable moment for me, I was reminded of why I liked him. He was diplomatic, quick-witted, charismatic, charming, bright, professional, and unaffected by the trivial stuff around him.

**Welcome to Globe, Mr. Attorney General!**

Until next issue . . .

Sally M. Brown, Guest editor

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Experience is a wonderful thing. It enables you to recognize a mistake when you make it again.

By the time you can make the ends meet, they move the ends.

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